

Little Orphant Annie.

Little orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
To wash the cups and saucers, up, and brush the crumbs away,
And shoo- the chickens off the porch, and dust the hearth and sweep,
And make the fire and bake the bread, and earn her board and keep.
And all us other children when the supper things are done
We set around the kitchen fire and has the mostest fun
A-listenin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about
An' the goblins 'at git you ef you don't watch out.

An'

An' onct there was a little ~~girl~~ boy 'at wouldn't say his prayers/
An' w'en he went to bed at night away up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turned the kivers down he wasn't there at all.
An' they seeked him in the cubby-hole,, an' rafter-room and press,
An' seeked him up the chimley flue an' everywheres I guess,
Bot all they ever found of him, was jut his pants an' roundabout
An' the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' onct there was a little girl's ~~wouldn't~~ would always laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of every-one and all her blood and kin/
An' onct when there was company an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' she shocked 'em, an' she said she didn't care.
An' jist as she kicked her heels an' turned to run and hide,
There were two great big black things a'standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about
An' the gblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' little orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue
An' the lamp wick sputters and the wind goes woo--
An' you hear the crickets quit ,an' the moon is grey-
An' the lightin' bugs in dew is all squenched away
You had better mind your parents, and your teachers fond and dear,
And cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear
An' help the poor and needy ones 'at clusters all about ,
Or the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

1.1

2
All morning there had been
a great gathering of people
outside the gate of Mr
Nelsons home. It was the
day on which Mr Nelson
was to be - as they say -
buried, the funeral coach
came, the coach followed
by a few others to the
road to the Westminter
of Washington where in
Jamaican phrase the funeral

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³ was to be and in a moment - all seemed silent and deserted - The home on S. Street.

The home was not deserted
for in that room still lingered

The spirit of Mr Nelson
The sweet
The moved about, old age

The Spirit of
the Moved ~~about~~, old age

And the pebbles that ^{ness} had produced had fallen

away - This is what is meant
by death - to such as he

and the Great Company Growth

⁴His eyes became again
those of the eagle, He rose
and not a moment did
he remain within the house
for golden lie the meadows
golden run the streams
and the fields and the
valleys shout to him golden
shouts. He flung open the
door, as they knew he
would do who were awaiting
him and he stood there
looking at them a general

5 Reviewing his troops
The men saluted -
When a great man dies
The immortals await him
He looked up and his
peers - they were all young
like himself, one detached
himself from the rest - He was
the late independent Mr. Hayden
Crying gloriously - Here
The fellow I have been
telling you about. ^{Mr. Lincoln}

o young Mariner
You from the Laven
Under the Sea Cliff
You that - are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder
~~With eyes of wonder~~
And I am dying
Who follow the steamer
And so to the lands last land I came
And can no longer
But die refusing
And can no longer

but the reproving
For this the magic of the night
Who taught me in childhood
There on the border
Of boundless ocean
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the gleam
Not of the sunlight
Not of the moonlight-
Not of the daylight-
Even the margin
Afters follow it
Follow the gleam

Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

In Flanders Field

In Flanders Field the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders Field

Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders Field

MARGARET

A lily in its static purity,
Woood a warm rose, unfolding hues of dawn.
Under the soft spell of the vernal moon,
A fairy priest performed the mystic rites
Merging the twain, —and to their love was born
A spirit child, an angel-wonder child,
Cradled among the petals of the rose.

* * * * *

Autumn, despoiler of the garden home,
Scattered the rose leaves, laid the lily low!
Then loving fairies took the spirit child,
Gave her blue eyes and hair of sunset gold,
Gave her soft dimples and pink baby toes;
And while I slept they laid her on my breast, —
A lily soul, a rose heart, — Margaret.

LIFE

Youth met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads. Here is joy, untouched by knowledge of succeeding pain; here is love, undimmed by the certainty of future partings; here is faith, untarnished by the memory of broken pledges. Here, my child, is life." But though the valley through which Youth led me was massed with blossoming shrubbery and filled with the songs of birds, my heart was not at rest and I eagerly pressed on.

Maturity met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads.... Here is disillusionment that leaves truth naked to the seeking soul; here is achievement, bought of midnight sweat and anguished hungering; here is power, daughter of achievement. Here, my child, is life." But though I followed my guide carefully up the ever-narrowing path, my heart was not at rest and I eagerly pressed on.

Age met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads.... Here is sorrow whose tears clear the vision of the world; here is pain, that drives the spirit in on God; here is loneliness that draws the companionship of angels. Here, my Child, is life." But the hill top, over which I followed Age, was wind-swept and bleak and I eagerly pressed on.

Then Death stepped out in front of me and said, "You are seeking me?" "No, No," I cried, "I am seeking life. Life, not death is my quest. Let me be gone! I must find it!" Gently Death placed his hands upon my shoulders and slowly turning me about pointed along the path whence I had come, — over the hills of age, down the steep of maturity and into the valley of Youth. "Life?" he said, — "Look! You have just passed through it!"

Written because I must write, for my own
peace of mind, even though what I write
may interest no one but myself.

With love,

Mona Walter Agnew.

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